

In Sync by Mortimer_Dead_Sea

Series: [Fuck Stephen King: Mort Goes Apeshit Over IT \[12\]](#)

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Summary:

"The strangest development was probably their periods syncing up.

Eddie had read somewhere that some people synced up to others, while other people were synced up to. Apparently, Eddie was the former and Richie the latter considering Eddie's period had backed up three days to meet Richie's so that they could wallow in misery together. Oddly enough, the wallowing happened for very different reasons."

After they move in together, Richie and Eddie's periods sync up, and they help each other through their respective troubles.

In Sync

Author's Note:

Me: Can we write about literally anything other than IT?

Brain: Can't stop won't stop.

I am a trans man and I've decided Richie and Eddie are too. I've given some love to trans Richie, now it's time for trans Eddie too. And I live for characters who help each other through their period symptoms.

While it's not stated in the story, I do think Richie and Eddie went to a college in LA, and since Bev is a fashion designer, she also lives there (along with Ben probably).

When Eddie and Richie moved in together after college, it was like a dream come true. Not only did Eddie never have to return to his mother's house in fuckface Derry, but he also got to live with the man he was convinced he was going to spend his life with.

Eddie had probably been in love with Richie since middle school, although they had met much earlier than that. It was hard being trans in Derry, and Richie was the only other trans kid that Eddie knew of. Richie's parents fought tooth and nail for the schools they attended to treat Richie like the boy he was, and while the schools ultimately relented, information like that was not easily kept secret. Richie dealt with shit day in and day out, and Eddie remembered tearfully telling Richie that he was trans, too. He ended up telling the rest of the Losers a few days later, and it was information that stayed between them.

At Richie's house, he kept masculine clothes to wear. One day, in a fit of rebellion, the Losers helped Eddie cut his hair. His mother probably thought he was a lesbian, and he never corrected her.

He was openly trans at the college they had attended, the one he attended with Richie. It was there that he finally realized he was in

love with Richie, and had been for a long time, the one person who understood and loved him like nobody else. He had never intended to tell him, but one day Richie had come to surprise him after he had had a bad day, and through the door, he overheard Eddie ranting to Bev over the phone about how in love with Richie he was, and just how frustrated it made him. Richie had heard all about how much Eddie loved Richie's stupid curly hair and dumb pretty eyes and maddeningly beautiful smile. Had heard all about how Richie understood him like nobody else, and Eddie didn't trust anyone like he trusted Richie. Had heard that Eddie didn't think he'd ever love someone the way he loved Richie.

Eddie had been deeply embarrassed to find out that Richie had heard everything, but Richie loved him too, and spent the night washing away Eddie's embarrassment as he told him about all the things he loved about Eddie. Told him that he loved and trusted Eddie, too, more than anyone else. That night, they decided that they would move in together after they were done in college.

The day after they moved in together, Eddie called his mother to come out to her. And he dealt with the screaming, and the crying, and the endless litany of questions and accusations.

"How can you do this to me?"

"You're just sick, come home and you'll see you're not a boy."

"I didn't raise a boy."

"I gave birth to a girl."

"It's because of that Tozier girl right? She made you think you're like her didn't she? What did she do to you, huh? I always knew she was a bad influence. I knew she'd make you sick. Get away from her and come home and everything will be fine again, you'll see."

Then, and only then, when she had the audacity to talk about Richie like that, did he finally snap. And then he had hung up on her sobs, and never spoke to her again. He had been so angry, ready to go into a full rant once Richie had come home from the station. But then Richie came home, and Eddie looked at him, with his thick glasses,

and stubbly chin, and larger than life smile with all the love in the world as his gaze landed on Eddie, and he dissolved into sobs. Richie was at his side immediately, holding him through it as Eddie told him about the phone call.

Luckily, things had only gotten better from there, and Eddie was grateful for Richie every day, grateful for every little thing, from waking up and falling asleep next to him, to watching bad Netflix original movies while they ate together. Every bad moment was soothed knowing Richie would be waiting for him at home.

The strangest development was probably their periods syncing up.

Eddie had read somewhere that some people synced up to others, while other people were synced up to. Apparently, Eddie was the former and Richie the latter considering Eddie's period had backed up three days to meet Richie's so that they could wallow in misery together. Oddly enough, the wallowing happened for very different reasons.

Eddie's period had always been manageable symptoms wise. Occasionally he'd have heavy flow, and some light cramping, but other than that, he was fine, and it usually only lasted four or five days. His biggest obstacle was the gender dysphoria that made him want to crawl into his bed in the dark, never to see the light of day again. It was a little easier with Richie around; knowing that Richie's period didn't change his gender meant that Eddie could at least try and use the same logic on himself.

Richie was the other way around. He had little dysphoria surrounding his periods, no doubt at least partially due to his parents' support. Where Eddie had his mother talk all about his "lady troubles" to him and how his period meant he was "becoming a woman", Richie's parents had always been quick to assure him that his period didn't mean he wasn't a boy and that he was still their son. Richie had come to be at peace with his period as something that just happened to him, something that happened to a lot of guys.

His symptoms, on the other hand, were terrible. His flow was heavy, and his cramps often left him groaning in bed, and to top it all off, his period often lasted the full week. So Eddie took it upon himself to

get him his heating pad, and painkillers, and boatloads of his favorite snacks and movies so he was as comfortable as possible while holed up in their bedroom. Occasionally, if Eddie's cramps were also bad, Bev would come to their rescue, ibuprofen and chocolate in hand.

"Marsh, you're a fucking lifesaver," Richie would say as Eddie groaned next to him.

Luckily, Eddie was doing pretty ok this time around, and so was able to set Richie up with all his usual stuff.

"I love you so much, Eds," Richie said as Eddie laid the heating pad across his abdomen.

"I love you, too, Rich," he replied. He turned the heating pad on and smiled, happy with his work. "Since it's my day off, I'll spend today in bed with you, if you want."

Richie grinned at him. "I always want that, Eds."

Eddie refused to let Richie know about the butterflies that erupted in his stomach when he said that. He muttered, "Don't call me 'Eds'."

He put on one of the movies in the stack, and sat next to Richie, who was propped up with some pillows, eating out of a box of junior mints. They were watching *The Lego Movie*, a movie Eddie honestly didn't care for, but knew was one of Richie's favorite movies to just mindlessly watch when he didn't feel like thinking too hard. It was a sick day movie through and through, and Eddie had grown to appreciate it for that.

He began to zone out, however, and as he shifted, he grimaced at the feeling of more blood jostling out of him, suddenly hearing his mother's voice in his head again.

"Having lady troubles again, sweetie?"

"Why aren't you happy, sweetie? It means you're becoming a woman! You should be excited!"

Eddie shook his head, as if he could physically shake his mother's voice off of him.

“Eds?”

He looked over to see Richie staring at him, concern in his eyes. “You ok?”

Eddie set his jaw. “Yeah. I just... Keep hearing my mom’s voice.”

Richie face softened with sympathy. He knew that Eddie had been having this problem since he was a kid, the voice in his head that sounded like his mom’s constantly trying to keep him in line. It had gotten easier with time (and his regular therapy sessions) but every once in a while, he still heard her.

“Whatever she’s telling you, you know she’s wrong, right?” Richie said. “I know you probably do, but still.”

Eddie nodded. He did know. He had been teaching himself that fact for years.

“It still sucks,” Eddie said, voice softer than he had intended it to be.

Richie looked at him for a moment, and then reached over, putting a hand around his shoulders. They fell into each other’s sides, Richie’s cheek resting on the top of Eddie’s head.

“I can hear what she used to say about my body,” Eddie finally said, and he felt Richie stiffen. “It’s one of the few things I really have trouble shaking, and knowing she was wrong about.”

He felt Richie plant a kiss on his head. “I’m sorry, Eds. Is there anything I can do to help?”

Eddie racked his brain, but came up short. “I don’t know.”

“Alright,” Richie said. “If there is anything, just let me know, alright?”

Richie’s voice was filled with patience, and care, and love, and it washed over Eddie like a blanket and a hug.

“Thanks, Richie,” he said, and thought that maybe, for now, this was enough.

Author's Note:

My Twitter, where I yell a lot about Richie and Eddie: [@mortimerdeadsea](#)